

Good Morning 259

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

—and
come to
“Mountain
Trail
Derby”

Says F. W. Reed

ONCE every year the lovely countryside of Westmorland echoes to the shouts and calls of men and women hailing their hounds as they race for the finish of the “trail” Derby.

It is an excited crowd, all lined up behind a rope barrier. With whistles, handkerchiefs, and making calls known only to their particular hound, they endeavour to persuade them to an even greater speed, as they come into the last straight, after tearing down the mountain course.

From all parts of the county, the men bring their wives and children, to watch the great races, which last for many hours.

The start of the race is preceded by a trailer, who makes for the starting line with a bag

of aniseed, which he has trailed for miles and miles over the mountains, from the finishing post, which, of course, takes him some time to accomplish on foot.

The big race is the Derby, and the excitement grows as the bookmakers shout their odds, to the sound of barks and howls of hounds straining at the leash.

They are lined up with their noses picking up the scent of

aniseed, and the great gathering is OFF... scrambling for position and following the trail, which leads over the mountains.

Away they go, and the crowd follows the long caterpillar-like line through their binoculars as it winds its way across the fells.

Over a distance of ten miles the dogs go running, and as they near the finishing line the owners—or catchers—wait with their flags, whistles, and many other instruments, to call or entice their dog to greater efforts on the last few hundred yards.

The first thing they make for immediately after the race is a good feed already waiting in a tin, which the catchers have with them... in a couple of gulps the pan is clean.

This great day is one eagerly awaited by many of the country and townspeople alike in Westmorland and Cumberland, in fact, for excitement it rivals the Derby itself.

GET ready, P.O.Tel. William C. Brown, for some late nights next time you go home on leave to 2, Neville Street, Cleethorpes.

Your mother and father have told “Good Morning” how you and your sister, L.-Bombdr. Margaret Brown, of the A.T.S., enjoy those nightly discussions when you are both home together.

Margaret has been home since you returned, and she wants to warn you that she has got a

brand new topic to set you talking.

She will not give any clue as to what her new topic is, but it promises to cause both of you some very late nights.

As to your parents, Bill, they intend to stay neutral, they say.

“We leave Bill and Margaret to carry on their debates alone,” they told “Good Morning,” “and whatever Margaret intends to talk about next time we shall not take sides. As usual, we shall go to bed and leave them to it.”

Meanwhile, until your next leave, your father and mother, Bill, send you this pictorial reminder of themselves—and all their love.

Everything's going well at home.

brand new topic to set you talking.

Geo. Nixon takes you

25 JAN. 1944

Around Waxworks

(Madame
Tussaud's—London)

LIFE begins at 8 a.m. at Madame Tussaud's Exhibition in Marylebone Road, Baker Street, London, in preparation for the Exhibition to open to the public at ten o'clock. If you could get by Commissaire Rix before the official opening-time you would see the usual domestic jobs of cleaning up, and also some less usual scenes.



Mrs. Hopkins, who has worked for 40 years with Tussaud's, giving Monty his morning dust-down.

It looks a trifle odd to see the effigy of Hitler having his face washed and his hair groomed by a homely-looking cleaner in a print overall, or to see the model of Mr. Churchill having his hands unscrewed for cleaning, or, perhaps, his trousers taken off for pressing. These scenes are, however, quite familiar out of business hours at the Exhibition.

Meanwhile, Mr. Bernard Tussaud, the great-grand-son of the foundress, and his team of artists are busily engaged in the studios adjoining the Exhibition in modelling new masterpieces and re-making and repairing existing models, some of which were damaged by enemy action.

Work in the studios has become increasingly difficult owing to staff shortage, limitation of supplies of wax, human hair and other such necessities of the wax works.

It is interesting to note that the eyes used for the figures came largely from Germany, and were, in fact, identical with those used for surgical purposes. The pre-war cost of these eyes averaged about £10 a pair.

The life of a normal head is



Mr. Bernard Tussaud at work on a model of Lord Louis Mountbatten.

some five years, since the action of the soap in the frequent washing of the heads (every three months on the average) destroys the surface of the wax.

To counter the threat of the Luftwaffe—and the Exhibition caught a packet during the blitzes—the moulds from which the heads are made are now stored in the country—to be exact, they are stored over a cow shed, and Daisy and Poppy, the farmer's Jersey cows now moo and are milked under the heads of Voroshilov, George Robey, Churchill—and Goebbels.

Putting the hair on a model is a long and skilled job. Human hair is used, and is inserted into the warm wax one hair at a time. A normal head requires four ounces of hair, and the task takes about three weeks.

Dressing the figures—there are over 500 sets in the Exhibition—is a problem these days, too. The Board of Trade will not issue any clothing coupons. What—coupons for dummies? Never!

On of the most interesting

exhibits is that of the Conte de Lorge—the oldest head in the Exhibition.

The conte was imprisoned for over 30 years in the Bastille, and was released when that fortress was stormed by the French revolutionaries at the outbreak of the French Revolution.

He was so frightened by his new-found liberty (the story goes) that he pleaded to be reincarcerated, and died shortly after from sheer terror.

Then, there is the head of Marat, the French revolutionary, who was assassinated in his bath by Charlotte Corday.

Madame Tussaud was taken to the house where he lay—and modelled him on his death bed. She was a tough old lady all right!

Madame Tussaud's Exhibition stands to-day battle-scarred—and looking forward with confidence to the day when the Peace Conference of all nations can be portrayed in its halls to take its rightful place at the last milestone of the history of wars.

Make this
Your own
Newspaper
Send us
Your news

YOUR LICENCE COSTS?

IN these days a licence is required for doing almost anything—except writing poetry, in spite of the phrase “poetic licence”!

Everyone is familiar with dog, gun and wireless licences, but few know of the need or cost of hundreds of other kinds of licence.

For instance, if you have the family crest on your teaspoons or anything else, you should have a licence that costs you a guinea—two guineas if you use it on your carriage, whether horsed or horseless.

In the years before the war over 28,000 people took out these licences.

You need a licence before you can start manufacturing all sorts of things from saccharine to playing cards—quite apart from war-time restrictions.

Licence to manufacture saccharine will cost you only 2s. 3d., but to manufacture playing cards it is £1. To make artificial silk yarn or waste, you must have a licence costing £1. To make sugar, you require another £1 licence.

Table water manufacture is comparatively cheap at 10s. for the annual licence!

Then there are many trades and professions which call for an annual licence. On the outbreak of war over 2,600 pawn-brokers were paying £7 10s., and, if they traded in plate without regard to weight, another £5 15s.

Over 2,725 moneylenders paid £15 a year for their licences.

Fourteen thousand plate dealers paid £2 6s., or £5 15s., this last sum being also the cost of refining gold or silver licences.

A licence to auction is expensive at £10 a year—over 6,700 people paid it. Hawkers pay £2, and pedlars need a police licence costing 5s.

Most expensive licences of all are those connected with the liquor trade. They are very complicated, varying with the amount of business done. Licences are even required by restaurant cars and passenger ships—they cost £1 for the railway car and £10 for the ship.

The best selling licence is, of course, that for wireless, passing the 9,000,000 mark.

Next come dogs. Gun and game licences sell to the tune of over 250,000 a year. A gun licence costs 10s., and, contrary to the popular notion, is payable equally for an air pistol and a heavy punt gun.

A game licence costs £3 and a gamekeeper's £2—over 50,000 a year of these are bought in normal times. Incidentally, a game licence is required equally if a hare is hunted with hounds, or snipe and other game are caught with nets or traps.

A banker's licence costs £30, twice as much as a money-lender's!

P.O. Tel. W. C. BROWN—News

from
Home



GET ready, P.O.Tel. William C. Brown, for some late nights next time you go home on leave to 2, Neville Street, Cleethorpes.

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The Young Man with the Cream Tarts

By Robert Louis Stevenson

DURING his residence in London, the accomplished Prince Florizel of Bohemia gained the affection of all classes by the seduction of his manner and by a well-considered generosity. He was a remarkable man even by what was known of him; and that was but a small part of what he actually did.

Although of a placid temper in ordinary circumstances, and accustomed to take the world with as much philosophy as any ploughman, the Prince of Bohemia was not without a taste for ways of life more adventurous and eccentric than that to which he was destined by his birth.

Now and then, when he fell into a low humour, when there was no laughable play to witness in any of the London theatres, and when the season of the year was unsuitable to those field sports in which he excelled all competitors, he would summon his confidant and Master of the Horse, Colonel Geraldine, and bid him prepare himself against an evening ramble.

THE Master of the Horse was a young officer of a brave and even temerarious disposition. He greeted the news with delight, and hastened to make ready. Long practice and a varied acquaintance of life had given him a singular faculty in disguise; he could adapt not only his face and bearing, but his voice and almost his thoughts, to those of any rank, character or nation; and in this way he diverted attention from the Prince, and sometimes gained admission for the pair into strange societies.

The civil authorities were never taken into the secret of these adventures.

One evening in March they were driven by a sharp fall of sleet into an Oyster Bar in the immediate neighbourhood of Leicester Square. Colonel Geraldine was dressed and painted to represent a person connected with the Press in reduced circumstances; while the Prince had, as usual, travestied his appearance by the addition of false whiskers and a pair of large adhesive eyebrows. These formed the most impenetrable disguise.

Thus equipped, the com-

mander and his satellite sipped their brandy and soda in security.

The bar was full of guests, male and female; but though more than one of these offered to fall into talk with our adventurers, and the Prince had already fallen to yawning, and was beginning to grow weary of the whole excursion, when the swing doors were pushed violently open, and a young man, followed by a couple of commissionaires, entered the bar.

Each of the commissionaires carried a large dish of cream tarts under a cover, which they at once removed; and the young man made the round of the company, and pressed these confections upon everyone's acceptance with an exaggerated courtesy.

Sometimes his offer was laughingly accepted; sometimes it was firmly, or even harshly, rejected. In these latter cases the newcomer always ate the tart himself, with some more or less humorous commentary.

At last he accosted Prince Florizel.

"Sir," said he, with a profound obeisance, proffering the tart at the same time between his thumb and forefinger, "will you so far honour an entire stranger? I can answer for the quality of the pastry, having eaten two dozen and three of them myself since five o'clock."

"I am in the habit," replied the Prince, "of looking not so much to the nature of a gift as to the spirit in which it is offered."

"I am not here to expound my philosophy," replied the other, "but to distribute these cream tarts. If I mention that I heartily include myself in the ridicule of the transaction, I hope you will consider honour satisfied and condescend. If not, you will constrain me to eat my twenty-eighth, and I own to being weary of the exercise."

"You touch me," said the Prince, "and I have all the will in the world to rescue you from this dilemma, but upon one condition. If my friend and I eat your cakes—for which

we have neither of us any natural inclination—we shall expect you to join us at supper by way of recompense."

The young man seemed to reflect.

"I have still several dozen upon hand," he said at last, "and that will make it necessary for me to visit several more bars before my great affair is concluded. This will take some time; and if you are hungry—"

USELESS EUSTACE



"Now, jokin' aside, guv'nor—would you like to 'ear a carol?"

The Prince interrupted him with a polite gesture.

"My friend and I will accompany you," he said, "for we have already a deep interest in your very agreeable mode of passing an evening."

And the Prince swallowed the tart with the best grace imaginable.

"It is delicious," said he. "I perceive you are a connoisseur," replied the young man.

Colonel Geraldine likewise did honour to the pastry, and everyone in that bar having now either accepted or refused his delicacies, the young man with the cream tarts led the way to another and similar establishment.

The two commissionaires, who seemed to have grown accustomed to their absurd employment, followed immediately after, and the Prince and the Colonel brought up the rear, arm-in-arm, and smiling to each other as they went.

In this order the company visited other taverns, where scenes were enacted of a like nature to that already described.

On leaving the third saloon the young man counted his store. There were but nine remaining, three in one tray and six in the other.

"Gentlemen," said he, addressing himself to his two new followers, "I am unwilling to delay your supper. I am positively sure you must be hun-

gry. I feel that I owe you a special consideration. And on this great day for me, when I am closing a career of folly by my most conspicuously silly action, I wish to behave handsomely to all who give me countenance. Gentlemen, you shall wait no longer."

With these words he crushed the nine remaining tarts into his mouth, and swallowed them at a single movement each. Then, turning to the commissionaires, he gave them a couple of sovereigns.

"I have to thank you," said he, "for your extraordinary patience."

And he dismissed them with a bow apiece.

For some seconds he stood looking at the purse from which he had just paid his assistants, then, with a laugh, he tossed it into the middle of the street, and signified his readiness for supper.

In a small French restaurant in Soho, which had enjoyed an exaggerated reputation for some little while, but had already begun to be forgotten, and in a private room up two pairs of stairs, the three companions made a very elegant supper, and drank three or four bottles of champagne, talking the while upon indifferent subjects.

The dessert had been cleared away, and all three had lighted their cigars, when the Prince addressed the young man in these words:—

"You will, I am sure, pardon my curiosity. What I have seen of you has greatly pleased but even more puzzled me. And though I should be loth to seem indiscreet, I must tell you that my friend and I are persons very well worthy to be entrusted with a secret. We have many of our own, which we are continually revealing to improper ears. And if, as I suppose, your story is a silly one, you need have no delicacy with us, who are two of the silliest men in England."

"My name is Godall, Theophilus Godall; my friend is Major Alfred Hammersmith—or at least, such is the name by which he chooses to be known. We pass our lives entirely in the search for extravagant adventures, and there is no extravagance with which we are not capable of sympathy."

"I like you, Mr. Godall," returned the young man; "you inspire me with a natural confidence, and I have not the slightest objection to your friend the

QUIZ for today

1. A musette is a fairy, cage for hawks, musical instrument, small donkey, prison cell, church window?
2. Who wrote (a) Portrait of a Man with Red Hair, (b) The Red-headed League?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why: Comma, Full Stop, Colon, Plus, Semi-colon, Question Mark?
4. There is an ampersand in this Quiz. Where is it, and what does it mean?
5. Whose was the face that launched a thousand ships?
6. What artist's name is used to describe a certain colour of hair?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Paschal, Perennial, Pickerel, Pontificate, Pentateuch, Pantechnicon?
8. Which country first adopted the swastika as its emblem?
9. What is the official language of Brazil?
10. Is coral an animal, vegetable or mineral?
11. What is the capital of Corsica?
12. Complete the phrases: (a) Romulus & —, (b) Castor and —.

Answers to Quiz in No. 258

1. Carriage.
2. (a) Thomas Hood, (b) Kipling.
3. Churchill is clean-shaven; others are not.
4. Wolf.
5. July, 1935.
6. Seven.
7. Shuttlecock, Scavenger.
8. Quebec, 490,000 sq. miles.
9. A.D.I.
10. Eight feet.
11. Belgrade.
12. (a) Drang, (b) Eisen. ("Storm and stress"; "Blood and iron.")

Major, whom I take to be a nobleman in masquerade. At least, I am sure he is no soldier."

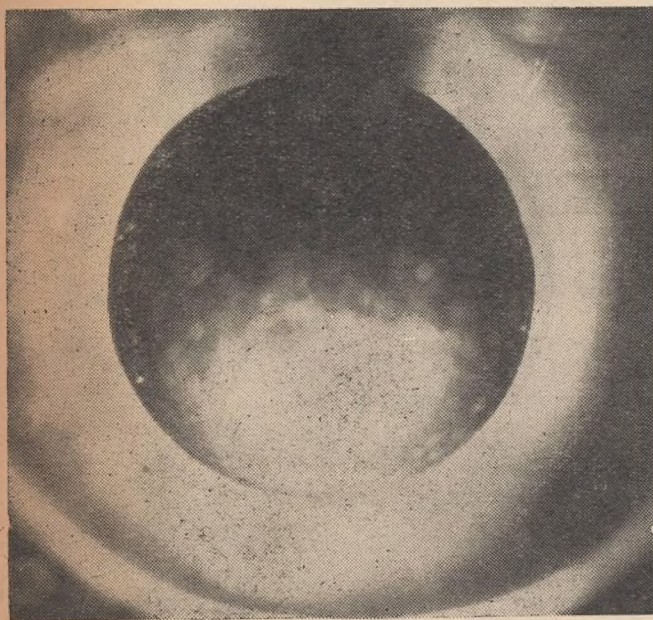
The Colonel smiled at this compliment to the perfection of his art, and the young man went on in a more animated manner.

"There is every reason why I should not tell you my story. Perhaps that is just the reason why I am going to do so."

(To be continued)

Grant me the power of saying things too simple and too sweet for words.
Coventry Patmore
(1823-1896).

TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



JANE

WHAT IS IT?

Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 258: Brown Sugar.

WANGLING WORDS—214

1. Put a fruit in ANT, and make some nourishment.
2. Rearrange the letters of OIL TASTER, and make a famous philosopher.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: STEP into PETS, DIET into GROW, JACK into DAWS, ROOM into MOOR.
4. How many 4-letter and 5-letter words can you make from CONSIDERATION?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 213

1. MACHINERY.
2. COLORADO.
3. FIVE, RIVE, RIPE, PIPE, PIPS, HIPS, HIES, HUES, SUES, SUET, SUIT, QUIT, QUID.
4. DEAR, FEAR, FEAT, FEET, FRET, FREE, PLUG, PLUM, SLUM, SLUT, GLUT, GOUT, ROUT, ROOT, BOOT, BOLT, COLT, CULT, CULL, GULL, GULP.
5. FISH, FIST, LIST, LINT, LINE, FINE, FIND, FOND, POND.
6. Tame, Meat, Mate, Pate, Tape, Peat, Heat, Type, Pity, City, Ship, Chip, This, They, Ties, Site, Mite, Time, Emit, Item, Ices, Cats, Sham, Mash, Stem, Mats, Heap, Stay, etc.
7. Steam, Mates, Meats, Shame, Shape, Phase, Stays, Shams, Thema, Matey, Spate, Tapes, Patsy, Pasty, Tapis, Cheat, Teach, Seams, etc.

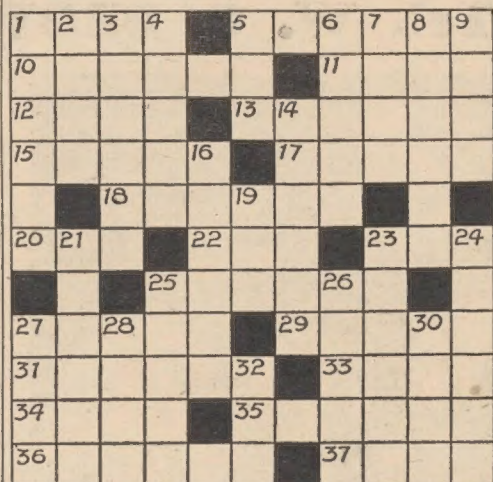
WELL, I ALWAYS SAY I LIKE PROFESSIONALS!—IT'S A SMALL ROOM BUT QUITE COSY—MY LADIES TELL ME THE PINK LAMP SHADES LOOK MOST ROMANTIC AT NIGHT...

YOU CAN RELAX HERE AFTER THE SHOW—I SHAN'T DISTURB YOU!—I MAY DROP IN NOW AND THEN FOR A CHAT BUT I KNOW WHEN TO GO—HEE! HEE!—IF YOU HAVE ANY GENTLEMEN VISITORS...



1 Cafe man. 2 Primitive. 3 Made amends. 4 Garden plant. 5 Limb. 6 Top room. 7 Rebuked. 8 Harbours. 9 Pitcher. 14 Source. 16 Ganglion. 19 Bird. 21 Sovereign remedy. 23 Exposed to air. 24 Leaned over. 25 Droops. 26 Fruit. 27 Sell. 28 Melody. 30 Base. 32 Animal enclosure.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

1. Shawl.
5. N. American Indian.
10. Originator.
11. Melt.
12. Object of devotion.
13. Impelling.
15. Half a joint.
17. Extra clause.
18. Introduced from abroad.
20. Carmine.
22. Poke.
23. Tree.
25. Useless.
27. Essential.
29. Strengthen.
31. Oozes out.
33. Post.
34. Number.
35. Play flute.
36. Stylish.
37. Require.

CLUES DOWN.

1. Cafe man. 2. Primitive. 3. Made amends. 4. Garden plant. 5. Limb. 6. Top room. 7. Rebuked. 8. Harbours. 9. Pitcher. 14. Source. 16. Ganglion. 19. Bird. 21. Sovereign remedy. 23. Exposed to air. 24. Leaned over. 25. Droops. 26. Fruit. 27. Sell. 28. Melody. 30. Base. 32. Animal enclosure.

TABULATE DO
OPEN SHAKEN
PARCH IRIS
CROONS NIL
KEY BATTERY
I VOILE EN
PARE VEAL X
PIERCE SAFE
ERASE REPAY
R DUN TISSUE
SYSTEM END

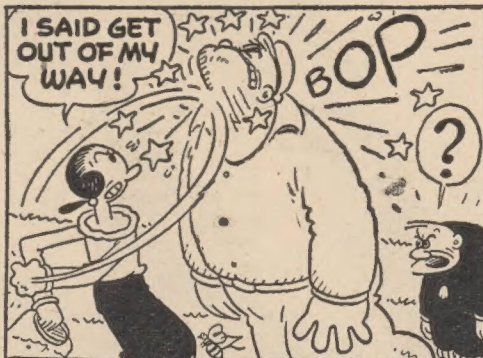
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



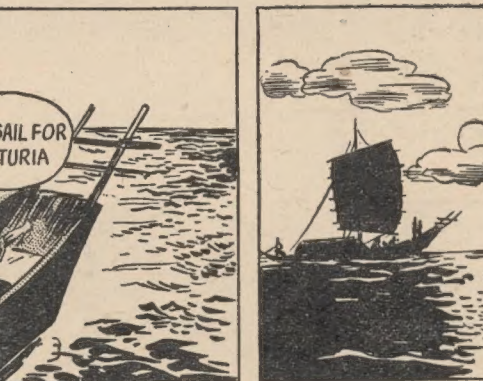
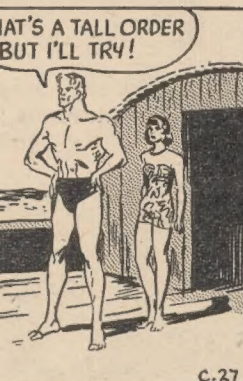
POPEYE



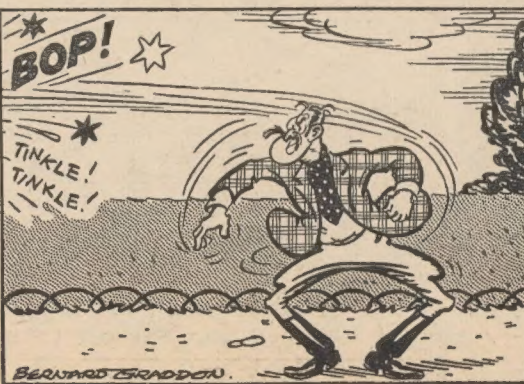
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



ARGUE THIS OUT YOURSELVES

PROPAGANDA.

AFTER the war people should not be forced to swallow Government propaganda handed out by national Press agencies subsidised to distribute the official Government view. The right of reporters to send uncensored dispatches from any part of the world is an important part of the peace, for, without information so gathered, we shall never have an enlightened public opinion that is so essential to the preservation of everything for which we are fighting.

John S. Knight
(U.S.A. Newspaper Owner).

THE COLONIES.

I HOPE that after the war the people of this country will continue to take greater interest in colonial problems than they showed before the war, and will be prepared to shoulder greater financial responsibilities for the sake of colonial peoples. But there will be no future for those people unless they are prepared to help themselves, for the assistance we can give must always be limited.

Col. Oliver Stanley
(Sec. of State for the Colonies).

IMAGINATIVE PLANNING.

PLANNING must be practical, but without imagination it will give us again all the dreariness we lament. The 28 miles of railway viaduct in South London, the lines of depressing houses that back on to the arches or embankment, the railway bridges that disfigure our river or block one of the finest views of St. Paul's, are the result of practical planning, with very imperfect and earth-bound imagination. Civic pride is one of the very few kinds of pride that are tolerable and even estimable.

W. H. Ansell (Past-Pres., R.I.B.A.).

SOCIETY IS SCATTER-BRAINED.

IF any individual were to behave as even our most civilised communities sometimes behave, he would be labelled a mental defective and might well end his days in an institution, if not in a prison. Society is really like a blind giant with an unorganised brain, whose right hand knows not what his left hand does. Owing to its divisions it is quite literally scatter-brained. The real problem for the psychologist is to devise means whereby society may grow to adult stature.

Edward Glover.

MATERIAL PROGRESS.

IN the interval between two wars, whole states and governments have acted as though they believed that there was no longer any need for ethical ideals, but that they could advance to their goal by means of knowledge, the instruments of research, scientific discoveries and mechanical inventions alone. . . . The very swiftness of material progress rendered possible by science and invention has bewildered and demoralised our generation. The main cause of the progressive degeneration in the quality of human life is failure to observe the ethics of the Christian religion.

Geo. Gibson (Former Pres.,
Trades Union Congress).

HOUSEWORK.

THE progress of modern science has robbed housework of almost everything that invested it with interest or demanded skill. . . . The trouble about domestic work in the modern middle classes is not that there is too much of it, but that there is not enough of it; at least, there is not enough that is interesting.

Professor C. E. M. Joad.

Short Odd-But True

THE Brains Trust recently replied to a question whether voluntary euthanasia was a good thing and should be legalised in England, and the replies were conflicting. In the Greek, euthanasia means easy death. Voluntary euthanasia means a painless putting to death of a person suffering from an incurable disease, at that person's request. There is a society which is striving to get it made legal. Opposition to it comes from both the Church and the medical profession.

An effigy of Queen Alexandra, wife of Edward VII, stands in the Jain Temple at Cawnpore, India, where it is worshipped as a saint.

The peregrine falcon, fastest of birds, has been known to nose-dive at 170 miles an hour when attacking prey.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

KING FISHER

King Penguin, that is. And Stanley isn't even a fisher. He actually snatched the prize right from under the beaks of his scared companions.



Bonnie Scotland

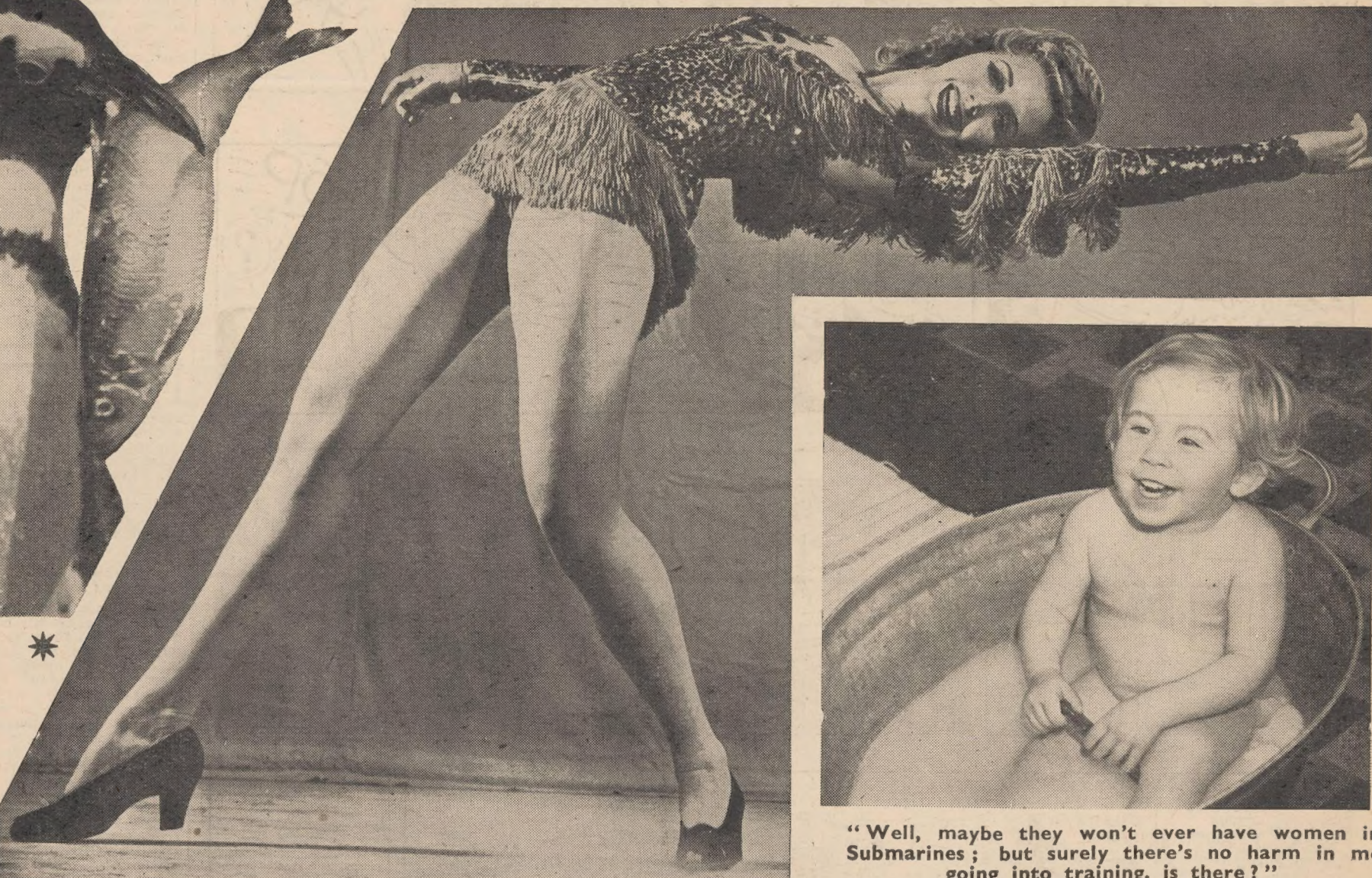
In a land so full of scenic grandeur it is difficult to single out one spot as outstanding. This view of Loch Achray and Loch Venacher from the Trossachs must surely rank as one of the most beautiful.



UNBEND,
SISTER!

UNBEND

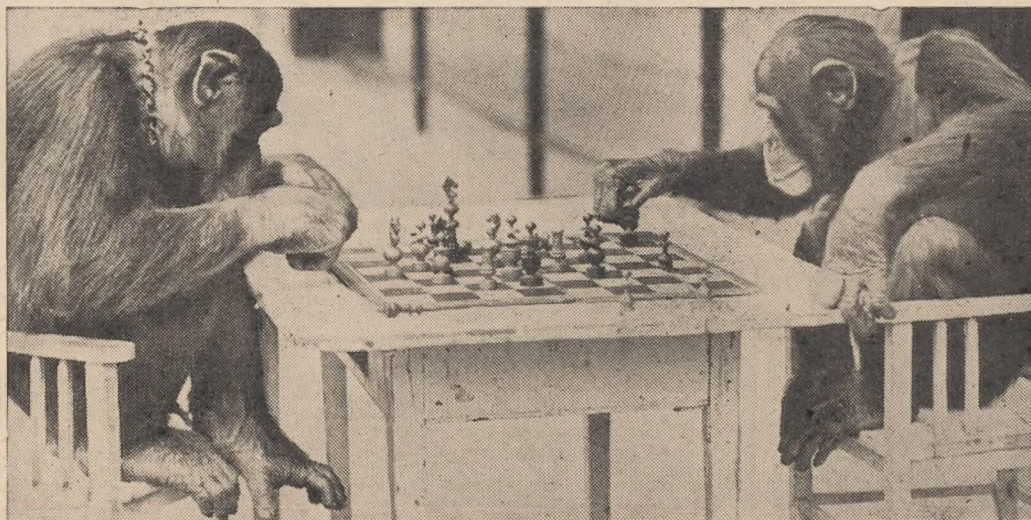
Just a fleeting pose by crack American tap-dancer Ann Miller.



"Well, maybe they won't ever have women in Submarines; but surely there's no harm in me going into training, is there?"



PATTERN FOR A WALRUS
MOUSTACHE



"Cor, lummy! If he moves THAT one, I'm scuppered. Think it's about time I knocked the darned table for six."

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Upsetting his calculations."

